

but i see where kate says she's not concerned
with overthrowing just any old government,
she wants to overthrow all of them,
especially anything that smacks of
what she refers to as "patriarchal government."

she has a few words on pornography too.
what a disgrace it is that for three-and-a-half dollars,
(i suspect the prices have risen)
a man can watch
the humiliation of a woman on film.

when the subject of civil liberties is raised,
kate says that she is of course opposed to censorship,
but that women have about had their fill of pornography
and that they'll put an end to it
by economic pressures.

she also says that women are fed up
with being beaten and raped and robbed and exploited
as they have been, by men, for centuries.

i'm hoping that my wife doesn't get wind
of all kate has to say about us men
or she may forbid me to borrow her car
to drive to l.a. for my reading.

CLASS

"You got class all over you."

-- Count Mippipopoulos

you know how things happen at the unlikeliest of times?
well, i suppose that's why i was sitting
in the bar on a tuesday evening
with a comely young divorcee.
i had forgotten that i had also told
this married girl that i've been going out with
that i might be in there,
so here we are approaching the point of the conversation
when the second girl comes walking in the door.

she came to the proverbial screeching halt
and looked like she might be about to turn
on the proverbial heel and depart
but i saw her and went to her and said,
"what are you drinking, the usual?
join us at the table."

she did. and when i came back with the drink i found the two of them hitting it off famously. so, knowing that the married girl would have to go home to her husband soon, i didn't interrupt.

after i had eventually seen the married girl to the door and returned to the table, the divorcee said, "that girl is interested in you," and i said, "nah, you're imagining things."

"the only thing i'm imagining," she said "and it's not imagination, is that you're a bullshitter, but let me tell you something -- if you're fucking that broad, you better keep fucking her, because that broad has class!"

the both of them
had class all over them.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA

MUTT!

i.

It shared my first apartment. It expected all the 'rare bits' in return for protecting me. It got them. It had Its own name for me: so secret not even I could figure it out.

ii.

I've had It in bed with me. Always 'fixed.' Always a 'he.' He? It. Grew old many times and I would lose It. Then one day It would reappear emptyhanded at my door, but dressed, always dressed in a tuxedo. The neighbors would warn me, "there's a four-legged penguin waiting for you," when I came home. They never learned the routine (I never stayed in one apartment long enough), but one time an old lady gathered all Its turds from her front lawn and tried to sell them on the next street as 'rare dung.'

iii.

One day I saw It nearly run over in downtown L.A.: a wheel and It spun together momentarily, then split